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White Silk Parasols with two Silk Ruffles, Paragon frame, White Enamel-Ed Handle, Cord and Tassel, only **\$2.89**

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Show up as good as most Five-Dollar Ones.

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Wegive you the largest and Best Cake of Soap you ever saw for 5c.

Also Pure Bath Soaps for 5c.—6 cakes for 25c.

Pure White Castile Soap 2 for 5c

Babeskin Soap 15c. instead of 25c.

Dr. Woodbury's Facial Soap 21c. instead of 35c.

10c. Ammonia for 5c.

10c. Sponges for 5c.

Toilet Paper, Roll or Flat, 5c.—6 for 25c.

Bay Rum 21c. instead of 25c.

Lawn Wrappers 98c.

These are made up in the best possible manner. Come in all sizes. The fit we guarantee. Full length. Large sleeves. You could scarcely buy the material for this money.

Cambric Skirts 98c.

With ten-inch ruffle finished with Torchon Lace on Bottom and cluster of tucks above yoke bands. All lengths.

Cambric Drawers 98c.

Made with four-inch ruffle of Hamburg Embroidery and cluster of tucks above. All sizes. Worth \$1.48.

Mail Orders for Goods will receive the most careful and prompt attention.

Lansburgh & Bro

420, 422, 424, 426 7th St.



"The hour, the man," might certainly at the present time be aptly paraphrased. "The woman, the bicycle." Few fads have taken such hold upon the fashionable mind as that of bicycle riding. A few years ago to have mentioned the bicycle in polite society, or even the most remote vehicular possibility for the fashionable contingent, was to be counted out of the swim.

Behold to-day a revolution in that same fashionable sentiment of such great and vast compass that not to mention and continually talk of bicycles in general, and fashionable bicyclists in particular, is equally to count one's self out of the swim.

To own, or at least to have a certain degree of proficiency in riding the bicycle, is to keep in touch with the times; to be a current edition of fashionable fads and fancies. Not to have personal knowledge of the mingled delights and terrors of bicycle riding, is to voluntarily constitute one's self a back-number.

There is a certain young woman living in the West End who has been getting herself up to date recently on the score of bicycling, and in consequence has had enough adventures to fill a volume. There is one, however, concerning which she decidedly loathes to say very much, but which is, by all odds, quite one of the most thrilling in the list. It happened a few evenings ago, when she set forth quite late in the evening for a country ride with the young man between whom and herself there is at present a mutual understanding that the matter is to be kept as dark as possible.

As neither of the young people could be classed in the list of proficient bicyclists they did not start out from home and go late in the evening, thinking thereby to escape the amount of attention that must inevitably have fallen to their share had the trip been undertaken in daylight or early evening. Moreover, the road they selected was as quiet a one as was compatible with having the necessary amount of artificial lighting from gas lamps and electric lights. It was, in fact, the Tealltown road, which, fortunately for the cyclists, is early deserted by pedestrians.

At the start of the ride the fortunate star of the couple was in the ascendant, and the two went along without a hitch to mar their enjoyment. The night was dark, but the light of the electric lamps, together with the flashing headlights on the electric cars as they sped past from time to time, kept the way plain and plainly visible. It was close upon midnight when the couple made a grand triumphal sweep of their bicycles and headed for home.

On the way out the road had lain pretty much up hill, there had been no experience as to the possibility of the road in the hands possessed by steep downward grades. However, they realized all this and many other things besides before the safe precincts of home were reached that evening night.

Suddenly at the first steep grade they struck, while the air of the spring night was filled with the sound of blossoms and the sound of gay talk and laughter from the cyclists, the young man gave a meteoric speed ahead in the darkness and became so wholly lost to view to his companion that she suddenly tasted the unlooked-for pleasure of feeling as though she were alone in an unlighted globe. Perceiving the darkness as she might, she cut out in agonized tones as she did until the weak fairing rang with her tones of woe, there was not a sight nor sound of her cavalier. If the earth had suddenly opened up and swallowed him alive he could not have more suddenly disappeared.

With all speed possible the young woman alighted from her bicycle as she saw the stalwart form of two policemen approaching and asked them if they had seen anything of her companion. They explained that as neither of them were experts in riding the wheel she naturally feared that some harm had come to him. The jolting of the road had sent her into the ditch, and she was stuck straight up in the air from the side of a deep ditch on the roadside.

The work of rescue was quick, and after first pulling the bicycle to the young man who had been by this means almost imbedded in the ditch. It was found that no bodily harm had resulted from the header. Now came the work of removing the machines, and though loath to acknowledge it, both of the young people were forced to the painful admission that without the steady help of the policeman, to remove the shining wheels would be an impossibility. The blue-coated officers of the peace smilingly professed themselves desirous of rendering all the aid in their power, each taking hold of a bicycle.

The young man mounted first, and after thanking his rescuer in appropriate cordiality, started off on the home stretch. The young woman also mounted at the same time, considerably flustered by the man's adventure, and giving a vigorous forward push of her feet upon the treadle called out "Good night" in her most bewitching manner. "Good night" sounded the main voice of the policeman directly in her ear, as he quickened his pace at her side to keep up with the bicycle.

Remembering the great service he had rendered only a few months before, the young woman again turned and brought her fascinations of face and voice into play as she repeated her adieu in another "good night." Again another "good night" sounded in her ear, but this time in a decidedly strained manner, as though the policeman was spending his running to keep pace with that bicycle, which the young woman was making every effort to follow her flying cavalier.

Some what confused, the young woman for a third time called out "good-night," and for the third time heard the voice of the policeman respond directly in her ear. What could it mean? Why did he not leave her? Why did he continue to run along at her side, almost tumbling over at every flying step he made? Horrible thought, he could not mean to take her into custody—and why did he not leave her side? So frightened that she almost tumbled off the wheel, the young woman gasped out:

"What is the matter? Why don't you let me go?"

"I cannot, madam," was the equally confused reply. "I cannot let you go. You are sitting on my hand."

Mrs. John G. Carlisle was asked to contribute to one of the recent numbers of the Woman's Edition issued for the benefit of a charity. When the request was made to the Secretary's wife, it was stated that those in charge of the paper greatly desired that

the subject upon which Mrs. Carlisle should write was finance.

To this request Mrs. Carlisle replied briefly and to the point to the effect: "The only thing I know upon the subject of finance with sufficient knowledge to write authoritatively is that \$2 will go for more than \$1."

The confusion of tongues at the Tower of Babel is as nothing compared to the wonderful processes of a child's mind when it comes to sorting out and putting in the proper place and meaning the big words heard from the lips of their elders. A fine case in point was that of a little daughter of a West End family who had as a great treat been taken to church Easter Sunday afternoon, when the rector's little daughter was to be christened.

The child listened with rapt attention to the entire service and was especially delighted when the infant was brought down the aisle for the ceremonial baptism. Not a word did she say, however, until she reached home, when, breaking away from her mother, the little maid bounded up the steps, calling out to one of her sisters in the delightful manner: "I saw the baby crucified."

The following account of Christine Neilson as she now appears, was written to a friend in this city by Miss Mattie Tyler, daughter of Col. Matt Tyler. Miss Tyler spent last summer and early autumn abroad in company with her aunt, Madame Robin, of Paris, and during her stay had the good fortune to be thrown in close intimacy with the celebrated prima donna, whose name is world-wide, Miss Tyler writes:

"While traveling in Europe last summer it was my good fortune to see Christine Neilson quite frequently. As her name is still dear to the heart of all Americans who have once enjoyed her exquisite voice, and her enjoyment of the music as she now appears, will be of interest.

"It surprised me greatly to find one who had the world at her feet content to live in a quiet, simple, and unassuming existence while still in her prime. Miss Neilson lives in a beautiful house, situated on the Rue Clement Marot in Paris, surrounded with all that is beautiful and refined taste can supply, lives Christine Neilson, now the Countess de Cassa Miranda, but never by any other name than Christine Neilson will she be remembered in America.

"No longer is her voice heard in public, but she told me that she practiced as regularly as when she sang every night before an admiring audience. Unlike most artists, she did not permit the slightest graph to be sold, but sometimes gladdens a friend's heart, as she did mine, by giving one. Occasionally she sings a song from the place of the opera, and she plays a quiet game of cards, driving, or spending whole evenings in her company and talking in her irresistibly bright and fascinating way.

"Upon the occasion of a ball given by Mrs. de la Roche, Christine danced the first quadrille with me, and, dancing as gracefully and with such enthusiasm as it before the footlights. Her jewels were superb. Her collection of precious stones, mostly of the East, and her collection of paintings and statuary is of great value, to say nothing of curios gathered from all corners of the globe.

"In the midst of every luxury, surrounded with all that the most cultivated and refined taste can supply, lives Christine Neilson, now the Countess de Cassa Miranda, but never by any other name than Christine Neilson will she be remembered in America.

"Christine has changed but little since the time she was drawn by an admiring crowd through the streets of New York, when the people hitched themselves to her carriage, after having taken out the little round spectacles, and she still wears the same in voice and feature with the same charming manner. She remembers with keen pleasure the many friends made during the time of her tour, and often expressed a wish to spend another season among them, but her husband, the Count de Cassa Miranda, does not care to travel as she does.

"Melba, Calve, Sylva Sanderson and Emma Eames have come and gone and held us spell bound with their voices, but none have taken us by storm and charmed us as Christine Neilson, who her voice is remembered by those who enjoyed an opportunity of hearing her, as vividly as though she sang in grand opera only yesterday. She sang a song for me last spring, and her eyes sparkled and her pure voice rang out as clear and strong as ever when she sang back to me America with a souvenir I shall never forget."

Commissioner Truesdell and family will spend the summer at Deer Park where they will build a cottage before next season.

Mrs. William Earle has left the Washington Club and is now at Chevy Chase.

The signs of the times are certainly everywhere to all but the most inveterate pessimist. This is certainly true in regard to the improvement to be observed in the temperance movement. Whether or not this is due to the efforts of the White Ribboners would be difficult to state. The fact remains, however, and that after all of the utmost importance, discussion and conjecture as to any probable cause is quite a secondary consideration.

A fine example in this respect that has set some of the men about to think with more than ordinary seriousness is in regard to the fire on G street last week, in which several houses were burned to death in their stable.

As the stable was next door to the Columbia Athletic Club the members of that organization were greatly excited and interested throughout the progress of the fire. As soon as it was seen that the flames had the flames well under control, so that the conflagration of the entire neighborhood was not threatened, the members of the athletic club began preparations for the entertainment of the brave firemen, and sent them a message to that effect.

greater portion of the trip was made in a private yacht placed at their disposal for that purpose by one of their friends in New York.

Mrs. Margaret Cox has returned from a visit to Cincinnati and Chicago.

Mr. Frank Robinson is at present making a visit to friends in St. Louis after a short stay in Chicago and Cincinnati.

Gen. Rugles has given up the house at the corner of New Hampshire avenue and N street in which he has resided for several seasons past and will move in a few days to a house on Seventeenth street.

Hon. Mr. and Lady Georgiana Gough, of the British Embassy, will spend the summer at Beverly Farms, Mass.

Hon. John G. Kasson has gone abroad for the summer.

Senator and Mrs. Brice are going to have a second experience in spending the summer at Newport, their previous residence there having been so successful, and then to leave one of the handsomest places to be had at that resort. The place formerly occupied by Senator Brice's family was the summer home of the late Gordon Bennett house, near the Casino. For this season they have leased the William Waldorf Astor villa, for which, it is estimated, they will pay \$15,000. Those who profess to know state that Senator Brice pays several thousands less than this sum. George Gould and Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Howland also desired to lease the place, but as the Senator from Ohio was the highest bidder, he secured the place, and he goes without saying, that having taken such a magnificent place, Senator Brice's family will be prominent among the entertainers during the present summer, and their presence at Newport will thus add materially to the success of the gay season.

Mr. and Mrs. Sweet will spend the summer traveling on the Continent, and will make a trip into Norway to witness the midnight sun.

Cards have been issued for the marriage of A. Sidney Fitch, of Virginia, and Miss Elizabeth Thomas Henley, of this city. The ceremony will be performed by Rev. Dr. Power, at 5:30 p. m., Wednesday, June 12, at the Vermont avenue Christian Church. The bride is the daughter of Mrs. Priscilla E. and the late Thomas Henley.

The family of the newly-appointed Attorney General Harmon is naturally one in which Washingtonians feel considerable interest at the present time. Mrs. Harmon, in the discharge of her official duties next season, will undoubtedly have the assistance of her three daughters, each of whom will spend some portion of the winter in Washington.

Two of these daughters are unmarried, Miss Marjorie Harmon, who is now about fourteen years of age, and consequently still at school; Miss Elizabeth Harmon, who has made her debut; and Mrs. Edman Wright, Jr. The latter resides in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Charles J. Walker has left the city to spend the summer at Dawsonville, Md.

Mrs. C. A. Layton and daughter, Marjorie, of Wapakoneta, Ohio, are the guests of Mrs. Layton's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Greene, No. 514 D street northeast.

The following cablegram from Ballard Smith to the San Francisco Examiner of June 2 will be read with interest in this city:

"Of another American bride I read in Paris papers: In consequence of Father Monahan's crusading sermon at Clairmont, Fernand, some of the best families in the Faubourg St. Germain have agreed to ignore the recent great Franco-American marriage. The sermon was preached on the eighth centennial of the first crusade and was leveled at the presentation of civil ex-communication before the golden calf as represented by shady company promoters, railroad wreckers and schismatics."

"The Castilians have taken in three years' lease of the mansion of Marquise de Hervey de St. Denis in Avenue Basquet."

Miss Frances Roome, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Oscar Roome, was married at noon yesterday in the Church of the Incarnation to Mr. Charles William Powers, of Chicago. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Townsend, assisted by Rev. Dr. Ferry, of St. Andrew's.

The bride wore a traveling gown of navy blue, with white chip hat, and carried a bouquet of white roses. Miss Lila Roome was maid of honor, in a gown of light blue, with white trimmings, and a chiffon hat to match. Mr. Boyle, of Bolling Heights, W. Va., was best man.

The usher was Mr. William Oscar Roome, Jr., Mr. Alfred T. Gage, Mr. Ferdinand Kimmel, and Mr. W. M. Harris. Immediately after the ceremony the bride and groom left for the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Powers, where they will make their future home in Chicago.

Mrs. Clara Isabel Wood, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Wood, will be married on the 17th inst. to Mr. Bennett Corbett Shipman. The ceremony will take place quietly at the residence of the parents of the bride, with only a few relatives in attendance.

The Garfield Training School for Nurses held a reception on Tuesday evening last, which was largely attended, and a pleasant success. Miss Nevins did not spare either her voice or her pen in her admirable address. Dr. Staveland, assisted by Dr. Elliott, Behrend, Johnson and Koch looked after the comfort of the guests in truly chivalrous style.

Among those present were: Misses Lockwood, Johnson, and a number of young ladies spread contributed to the contentment of all. The company dispersed at midnight. Among those present were: Misses Lockwood, Johnson, and a number of young ladies spread contributed to the contentment of all. The company dispersed at midnight.

At the conclusion of Mrs. Kent's lecture on "Physical and Ethical Education" at Mrs. Munroe's parlors, No. 150 A street northeast, Wednesday evening, the following was unanimously passed:

"Resolved, That we have listened to Mrs. Kent's lecture with a great deal of interest, and we are glad to have been glad if all of our friends could have the benefit of the same."

The Woman's Relief Corps, Department of the District of Columbia, will give a social entertainment on Flag Day night, June 14, which is free to the public. This entertainment is in charge of the committee on social entertainment, and is held at the public schools, and one of the features will be a flag drill and salute, exactly as it is given in the schools of the city. This drill was given on "Patriotic Day," of the Council of Women, and was extravagantly praised as a medium of teaching children to honor the flag. There will be a long programme, and a short address or two by men of national reputation, and the young girls who sang at Arlington on the day of the late President's funeral will be given by them around the tomb of the unknown.

A house full of young friends greeted Mrs. M. M. T. Howard, President of the Woman's Relief Corps, at her home, No. 1313 Emerson street, at her birthday party. Refreshments and amusements were enjoyed until a late hour.

The Difference. Tommy-Pop, what's the difference between a bonnet and a joke? Tommy-Pop—A bonnet is something you tell a friend and a joke is something a friend tells you.—Philadelphia Record.

Wash. B. Williams,

SUMMER FURNISHINGS.

There's many a hint to be gathered here about the best ways of dressing the home in summer garb. Many of our customers, after furnishing their porch, parlors, and bedrooms from this great Furniture House, manifest a disinclination to go away for the summer, thus paying a grateful tribute to our Stock in the fewest possible words. Always remember that others appreciate good things as well as yourself. The best in this store doesn't wait for next week's customers. THIS week we'll play a lively tattoo on CARPETS. For equal qualities, no house in this city, or, for that matter, any other, ever quotes prices lower than ours. We mention a few here that you'll find both pleasure and profit in perusing:

Ingrain Carpets, extra heavy, . 55c. per yd.

Best All-wool Ingrain Carpets, . 50c. per yd.

Tapestry Brussels Carpets, . 50c. per yd.

(Former price, 55c.)

Moquette Carpets, Beautiful Designs, 75c. per yd.

Wilton Velvet Carpets, 75c. per yd.

Fancy China Matting, \$5, \$6, \$8, \$10 per roll.

IF YOU NEED

A Refrigerator, Ice-chest, Loose Covers, Awnings, Window-Shades, Cedar Moth-proof Chests, porch, lawn, or cottage Furniture, of any description, you'll find

THE BIGGEST ASSORTMENTS HERE

And we'll save you money on your purchases.

Storage Warehouse.

Wash B. Williams,

Seventh and D Sts. N. W.

UNSURPASSED IN ITS WAY

Woman's Edition of The Times a Literary Luxury and Noble Charity.

Some of the Most Brilliant Ladies in the Land Will Be Editors and Contributors.

The Woman's Edition of The Times, to be published on the Fourth of July, will be one of literary luxury as well as excellence. It is entirely a labor of love and in the interest of the Home for its

Mrs. N. B. Lincoln, a brilliant writer and most accomplished woman, is the managing editor, and has completed with few exceptions the selection of her staff of contributors. The Woman's Edition of the forthcoming edition. The staff so far selected is composed of:

Miss Kate Thomas, city editor. Mrs. May Hazeltine, literary editor. Mrs. Horatio King, scientific editor. Mrs. Albert Clifford Barnes, art editor. Senator J. B. McPherson, musical editor.

Miss Katherine Read Lockwood, editor of the Century woman department. Mrs. Richard Mohun, juvenile department. Business Department: Miss Marion West, treasurer.

Mrs. William A. Howard, secretary. Miss J. O. Kelly, assistant secretary. A fair idea of the value of the edition may be had from a glance at the following partial list of women whose works will appear in its pages.

There will be a very interesting article on War Reminiscences by Mrs. James B. Ricketts, and one by Mrs. Robert Anderson, wife of the hero of Fort Sumter; poems by Mrs. Reginald DeKoven, wife of the popular composer, Miss Grace Denio Litchfield and Mrs. Louise Chandler Brevint; stories by Mrs. Octave Thane, Mrs. Harriet Riddle Davis, Miss Fannie Courtney Bayler and Miss Mollie Elliott; and articles on selected topics by Mrs. A. W. Greeley, Mrs. John Sherwood, Mrs. Justice Field, Mrs. Stephen T. Field, Mrs. John A. Logan, Mrs. William Cabell, Mrs. L. D. M. Sweet, Mrs. M. V. Dahlgren, Miss Newton, the historian, of Richmond, Va., and Madam Guzman. These are selected from a longer list as an evidence of what is to be expected.

It will be well to remember that a great many of the papers are entirely unique and can never be procured again. The fact that it is proposed to give this edition a circulation of one hundred thousand and copies will commend it to the business sense and judgment of business men as one of the greatest opportunities for advertising ever offered in Washington, apart from their natural desire to assist in the meritorious work in which these ladies are engaged.

Friends of the movement are responding eagerly from all parts of the country, and notably those who have left the city for the summer resorts, send encouraging messages and encouragement of a not less agreeable but more substantial nature.

The paper will be published on July 3, so that it will be received by subscribers on the great national holiday, which gives it its name. Proper arrangements have been made for its circulation at Bar Harbor, Newport, Narragansett Pier, Elverton, and a great many other summer resorts.

The present prospects are very bright and no circumstance warrants this statement any more than the activity in the business department.

As intimated, the woman's edition of The Times will be valuable not only for its intrinsic literary merit, but as a souvenir of a work conceived, completed, and devoted to a most worthy cause.

THAT BABY WAS IN LUCK

Found in the Capitol Grounds and Taken to the Police Station.

There it Was Found by Everybody, and at Last Came a Stranger Anonymous to Adopt It.

A few minutes before 8 o'clock yesterday morning an employee in the Capitol while passing through the south grounds, heard the cry of a young babe, somewhat near his feet. Looking down he discovered a small, white, chubby, and somewhat the sound emanated. Unwittingly the garment, he found a roll of cotton batting, from one end of which protruded a tiny head, and from the other a pair of red, chubby feet. As he looked and reached for the pair of innocent eyes looked him in the face.

The thought of paying a boy to take the baby to the station and getting to his office promptly, as his watch hands showed that it was near the hour of 8, was banished, and the man reached down and tenderly taking the little waif in his arms, walked to No. 6 police station, where the wee bit of humanity was turned over to the tender care of Matron Mrs. Sarah McLeod, and for several minutes was the attraction for every big policeman in the place. It was danced on half a dozen brawny hands and became for the time the favorite of every man, from Lieut. Kelly to the colored janitor.

After an hour of caressing the little mortal began to cry piteously. It was hungry. Milk was brought and all went well until the thought occurred that some disposition would have to be made of the child. Stationkeeper Elliott sorrowfully told all hands in the squad-room that he would have to send the little boy to "the little orphan," as the big policeman driver called him, to St. Anne's Orphan Asylum.

About a quarter of an hour after the patrol wagon containing the waif, had departed a well-dressed and prosperous-looking stranger entered the station.

Where is that baby I got a peep at in here a while ago?" he asked.

When informed the child had been sent to the infant asylum he said earnestly: "Lands, alive! I want to adopt that boy."

He was given the address of the infants' home and left hurriedly in the direction of the cable cars.

TAKOMA PARK NEWS.

A most enjoyable time was spent at the residence of Miss Greenhaw on Chestnut avenue last Friday evening. The lawn was most effectively decorated with Japanese lanterns, and dancing was enjoyed in the house. One of the pre-arranged features of the evening was a fancy dance executed by Miss Maud Anderson, and entitled "L'Etoile. About 10 o'clock the guests retired to the supper room, where a most bountiful repast awaited them.

Among those present were: The Misses Bessie Robinson, Ethel Johnson, Bessie Lay, Lizzie Cady, Edith Winkler, Helen Whitaker, Lydia Waters, and Messrs. Walter Williams, Augustus Lay, Wallace Whitaker, Johnson Morgan, Paul White, Richard Robinson, Charlie Slater, Archie Waters and Ralph Burgess.

W. R. C. Potomac Corps' Lawn Party. The ladies of the W. R. C. Potomac Corps gave a delightful entertainment on the lawn Thursday evening at the hospitable residence of Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Mearns, No. 1800 Lincoln avenue northeast. The program embraced vocal and instrumental music and dancing, with abundant refreshments served to order. The proceeds were for the benefit of the Corps treasury.

EMRICH.

We Didn't Know Why

it was that we held the biggest grocery trade in Washington until people told us. It's our way of doing business that did it. Buying everything fresh, buying everything of the best, buying everything asked for. But that's our notion of the only way a store should be run. Then, of course, the meats we handled tended to make our name famous. "Emrich's Meats" is synonymous with fresh, tender and appetizing meats. Try ours instead of the kind your grocer sells you. You'll come back for more. Order by telephone—we'll do the rest.

THE EMRICH BEEF CO.

MAIN MARKET 1306-1312 3rd St. (Telephone 341.)

BRANCH MARKETS.

1715 14th st. n.w. 21st and K sts. n.w. 2208 15th st. n.w. 215 1st st. n.e. 8th and M sts. n.w. 5th and I sts. n.w. 2607 N. st. n.w. 21st and Pa. ave. n.w. 12th and N. Y. ave. n.w.

DIED.

O'NEILL—On Saturday, June 8, 1895, Thomas O'Neill.

Funeral on Monday, from the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Kennedy.

NEALY—On Friday, June 7, 1895, of Bright's disease, George, son of Sid. H. and the late Carrie E. Nealy, aged twelve years and six months.

Funeral from the residence of his father, at 1441 W street northwest, to-day, June 9, at 3 p. m.

RIGGS